

A
57.W.20

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Song of the Three Children.

Bible - Apocrypha - Song of the Three Children [English]

In IRREGULAR STANZAS.



L O N D O N:

Printed for Edward Lathbury, at the Dial against Southampton-street, in the Strand; and sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. 1724.

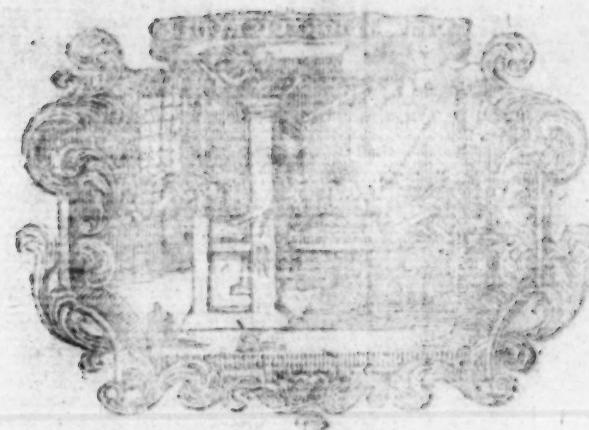
[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

А ЕСАИЯ ПАСТЕРНАК

ОН

Song of the Three Children.

ПЛАВАНИЯ

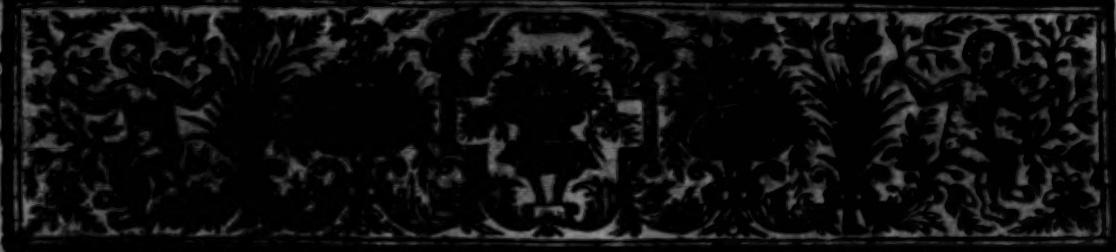


ЛОМОДОВ:

Printed for Edmund Tully and sold by the same Booksellers
and Stationers in the Strand; and sold by A. Redfern
in Warwick Lane. 1754.

[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence]

DEDICATION



TO

THOMAS BOWES, Esq;

OF

UPTON in Essex.

SIR,

THE following divine Poem, which
I venture to call an excellent one, has
lain in my Hands some time: I was
in hopes of getting a more perfect
Copy; which, if I had procured, I should sooner
have gratify'd my Inclination to tell the World,
how much I esteem the Friendship you have so
long honour'd me with.

I can no longer defer sending it to wait on
you in the most respectful Manner, imperfect as
it is: It should have been less so, if the Book-
seller had thought me capable of correcting the
Press as well as the Copy.

However,

DEDICATION.

However, what I offer you, Sir, is both instructive and delightful; and for the Dignity of the Subject-Matter, no ways inferior to the Patronage of a Prince.

I am perswaded, that you and your most excellent Lady will read it with Pleasure, as you do every thing that tends to make Mankind both wise and good.

To the plentiful Fortune God has lent you may he add the Abundance of his Grace! And bless you and your virtuous Confort with Health and long Life; causing you to make the temporal Blessings he has entrusted you with, subservient to the Attainment of those which are eternal.

I must not omit telling you, that the Author of this Paraphrase was the pious and learned Mr. *Lepla*, the late Reverend Rector of *Finchingfield* in *Essex*.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

Clerkenwell-Close,
Dec. 5th, 1723.

EDM. MASSEY.

Bliss of Matter's outer Man,

To him let Mortal Praise



P A R A P H R A S E

Song of the three Children.



E I N G S, who meerly Being have,
Beings, who vegetate and yield En-
crease,

Beings, to whom your Author Senses
gave,

Beings, who Understanding do possess ;
Quit your Distinctions of Degree and Kind,
Come and in sacred Raptures all unite,
To bless for ever that eternal Mind,
Who daily blesses all with Favours infinite !

O all ye
Works of
the Lord,
&c.

II.

I I.

O ye An-
gels of the
Lord, &c.

Immortal Substances above,
Princes obedient ! Seraphs bright,
For ever burning with exalted Love,
Intelligent Sparks of the great Source of Light :
Dread Armies of the jealous God,
As Lightning swift, æthereal Bands,
To wreck his Vengeance and inflict his Rods
And point the Thunderbolt as he commands.
Splendid Courtiers of the Skies,
Watchful Guards of Innocence,
Who guide us here, and waft us hence,
Angels, dependent Deities
Praise him, and let your Zeal your Light transcend,
Whom not the first created Mind in Heaven can comprehend !

III.

O ye Hea-
vens, &c.

Amazing Fabrick of the Skies,
Arch'd azure Roof, thick set with living Fires,
With Orbs unnumber'd, of unmeasur'd size,
Which human Art, in vain, to mete, or tell aspires.
Vast Amphitheatre of solid Brass,
Where agile Worlds of Light run their commanded Race,
Revel perpetual, free from frail Decay,
In Time and Measure musically move,
And through Variety of Figures rove,
Yet keep unwearied their unerring Way.
Circles which Earth, and Seas, and Air surround,
Limited Nature's utmost Bound,
In you your Author wrote his awful Name,
In shining Characters of Flame ;
In th' universal Language, in a Hand
Which all may read, all Nations understand.

Essence

Essence of Matter's purer Mass,
 To him let Majesty and Praise,
 Thro' your wide Regions be for ever given,
 Who plac'd his everlasting Throne in empyrean Heav'n.

Accessories
to the O
f the I
ed

I V.

Cælestial Waters who at God's Command,
 Fermented by his Spirit upwards flew,
 Above the Firmament's expanded blue,
 And left gross Ocean, and inferior Land;
 First parent Element, primæval cold,
 Who rais'd to fix'd Repose and Ease,
 With Pity from your Heights behold,
 Your little agitated Sister Seas,

O ye Wa
ters that be
above the
Firme-
ment, &c.

Whose Waves now rise and now subside,
 Tost by Wind, and dash'd by Tide:
 To whom your Stores auxiliary you lent,
 The sturdy Giant Race,
 And Giant Sins from Earth to 'efface,
 And drown the rebel World disdaining to repent.

Then at the raising of a new
 And better Offspring, quickly you
 Back to your lofty Seats, obediently withdrew.

Nor long the Earth could pure remain,
 Mankind renew'd would sin again,
 And long corrupted will at last require,
 If not a purging, an avenging Fire.

*Mean while Foundations of the Heav'n proclaim,
 Your Maker's ever-during Fame,
 Let your still Eloquence his Praise rehearse,
 Who out of you did all Things frame,
 And by your wondrous Staticks pois'd the new-made Uni-
 verse.

O all ye
Powers of
the Lord,
&c:

Vicegerent Pow'rs of God to whose immediate Care,
Empires and Fates of Kings committed are ;
Great Hierarchs who transcend in might,
Ye glorious Seven who stand,
Distinguish'd Chiefs amongst the Sons of Light,
Next to th' Almighty's Throne in eminent Com-
mand :
Ye Eyes of ever-waking Providence,
Causes of wonderful Effects unseen,
Disposing trivial intricate Events,
Beyond the Wisdom, or the Strength of Men,
Bless God immensely Great, immensely Good,
Who condescends for abject Flesh and Blood
Your Ministry cœlestial to employ,
Perpetual Hallelujahs sing
To the true Source of Power, the only King
Who with a Word can save, and with a Word destroy.

Oye Sun,
&c.

Inexhausted Source of Heat,
Whose Beams the Face of Nature paint,
Emblem of all that's good, or great,
Or beauteous, or beneficent,
Whose kind diffusive parent Rays bestow
Life and Light on all below ;
On whose revolving golden Car of State,
The Hours, and Days, and Months, and Years, in duteous
Order wait.
The World thy genial Influence owns,
And Time it self obeys thy Laws,
Whose Absence widow'd Nature moans,
Bright Picture of the universal Cause ;

(9)

So bright that erring Nations prostrate fall,
And take the Copy for th' Original.
Thro' all the Climates as you run,
From East to West your Journey bright,
Bless that all-glorious uncreated Light,
With whom compar'd you are no Sun.

And Moon
bless, &c.

VII.

Silver Queen of dusky Spheres,
Whose cooler Fires and female Light
Supply the Day, dispel our Fears,
And gild the Horrors of the Night.
To whose imperial Scepter bow
Stars above and Seas below,
Whose various Phases well express,
Beauty adorn'd by different Dress :

Phænix whose Youth decay'd returns again,
Like her, with solar Fire you burn,
Like her, rise fairer from your Urn,
Renew'd outshining all your sparkling Train.
To that immortal King, immortal Homage pay,
Whose native and unborrow'd Ray,
No Changes undergoes,
No shade of Variation knows,
Who bears alone unbounded Sway,
Nor circumscrib'd by Night, nor limited by Day :
Whose stedfast Goodness Men too often prove,
By Wanes, Eclipses, Coolness of their Love.

VIII.

Spangles of Gold, Night's richest Dress,
When gay in publick she appears,
And glittering bright like Diamonds numberless,
Profusely scatter'd on her Sables wears.

O ye Stars
of Heavens,
&c.

C

Huge

Huge Worlds, yet seeming little Points of Light,
 Whose Distance favours and deceives our Sight,
 Nearer your Blaze and Heat we could not bear,
 Nor could you mark the Seasons of our Year.
 But thus remov'd, your Use remains,
 Oft as on your æthereal Books,
 The learned Gazer, and the Sailor looks,
 Light to his Eyes, and to his Mind he gains ;
 Planets who regularly rove,
 Or Stars superior fix'd above,
 Whether, with Influence kind, your Beams declare
 Seasons of Health, and plenteous Years dispense,
 Or with malignant Aspect from afar,
 Throw Famine, Inundation, Pestilence ;
 Bless him who gave your Influence, and your
 Light
 Did all your fine mechanick Motions frame,
 Who only calls you all by Name,
 And counts your Numbers ; as in Power, in Knowledge
 infinite.

IX.

Bless God ye soft-descending Show'rs,
 Who hatch the tender infant Flow'rs,
 Earth's Balm infus'd to close her opening Veins,
 Elixirs by coelestial Alchimy distill'd,
 T' inform with springing Life the drooping Plains,
 And pour fresh Verdure o'er the vernal Field.
 Let fond *Egyptians* boast, their sev'n-mouth'd Nile
 Without your Help supplies their little Want,
 You water every Coast, and every Soil,
 And Rivers of the World your selves can vaunt :
 From Pole to Pole you carry due Supplies,
 Within no narrow Brinks confin'd,

O ye
Showers.

Your

Your liquid Treasures sail along the Skies,
 And steer their Courses by the Wind,
 Guided aright by providential Care
 Thro' distant Climes and trackless Roads of Air,
 'Till far-fetch'd Northern Stores allay,
 The parching Southern Heat of Day;
 Bless him whose Hand unwearyed pours,
 Rich Blessings over all his Works, in never-ceasing
 Showers.

X.

Ye drizzling Mists whose silent Fall
 Wets deeper than the sounding Rain,
 Whom solar Beams together call,
 Whom solar Beams dispel again.
 Ye Foggs that veil the Beauties of the Sky,
 And for a Time thick-gath'ring can defy,
 And hood-wink close the World's all-seeing Eye,
 And 'till dispers'd by his victorious Ray,
 Spread Mid-night o'er us, in the Noon of Day.
 Bless him who high in Light,
 Pure, inaccessible, his Dwelling makes,
 Yet Darkness for a Cov'ring takes,
 Darkness impervious to a Creature's Sight ;
 Who, tho' perhaps a little Space,
 He seems to hide his radiant Face,
 And when we pray, and when we weep,
 An angry Silence seems to keep,
 Yet after gloomy Hours shines gracious from above,
 In Beams of Mercy, Faithfulness, and Love.

O ye Dews
bles, &c.

XI.

O ye
Winds of
God, &c.

Delicious Gales who purge and cool the Air,
Healthful Companions of refreshing Show'rs,
Whose wanton Play, among the Trees and Flow'rs,
To gentle Slumbers lulls our Care :
Impetuous Winds and Storms, whose Fury sends
Invisible, resistless Blows,
The Mariners perfidious Friends,
But dreadful and relentless Foes,
Wild Tyrants of the Seas and of the Air,
Who floating Navies wreck, and deep-fix'd Forests tear.
Disturbers of the scatter'd Universe,
Loud-rolling Thunder's rapid Wings,
Bless him whose Blast, as you the Dust disperse,
Scatters the Pride of States, and Monarchies of Kings.

XII.

O ye Fire,
&c.

Pure heavenly elemental Fire,
Who rest within your proper Sphere,
And you that towards Heav'n aspire,
And rage at being fetter'd here,
With Scorn and Indignation glow,
And when broke loose your Fury show,
Devouring Flames, destroying while you shine ;
Fierce Executioners of Wrath divine,
By Wrath divine ordain'd to conquer all,
Commission'd to subdue, and waste this fated guilty Ball :
He justly your most fervent Homage claims,
Who tho' for Instruments of milder Ire,
He uses gross and ministerial Flames,
Yet is himself provok'd the most consuming Fire.

XIII.

XIII.

Son of Motion, gendial Heat,
 Who Motion in your Turn beget,
 Vital Principle, whence flow
 Our Actions and our Passions too,
 Chymist whose sympathetick Art
 Congregates and binds,
 Every like and kindred Part,
 And severs forreign Kinds.
 Chief Spring of Nature's wonderful Machine,
 Who giv'st to Flow'rs the Bloom, to Leaves the Green,
 Fountain of chearful Health, to whom belong
 The gay, the fierce, the beauteous and the strong.
 Without whose vigorous Energy
 This Globe of Air, and Earth and Sea,
 One joyless, useless, lifeless Lump would be,
 Unform'd as antient Chaos would appear,
 Bless him, O Heat, by whose paternal Care,
 United and preserv'd subsists the whole,
 Nor needs a Plastick Universal Soul.

And Heat
Bless, &c.

XIV.

Winter whose barbarous *Northern* Cruelties,
 Ravage the World with sure returning Pace,
 And Nature's liveliest Beauties quite deface,
 And throw her into pale and dying Agonies,
 Long swooning Fits of each decrepid Year,
 Who chill its Veins, and bring its hoary Hair,
 Bless Natures Authur, whose reviving Breath, *Author*.
 Makes Spring succeed our Winter, Life our Death.

O ye
Winter

XV.

And Sum-
mer bless,
Co.

Summer the Year's more Manly Age,
Whose Pulse beats strongly, boiling high,
Luxuriant, while the Dog-Star's Rage,
Dares with the fiery Lion vie,
And with successive Heat Mankind invades,
Driving to artful Grotts, or native Shades,
Blest Season, that with plenteous Fruits and Flowers,
Of Earth a Garden makes, and Paradise restores.
When all that Breath within the Waters play,
Gambols on Land the blith four-footed Throng,
Birds chant melodious on the dancing Spray,
And gladsom Nature echoes to the Song,
Smallest Sparks of Life are gay,
Flies and Insects sing or play,
Lately seeming dead, revive,
Now they wake, and now they live.
Bring your First Fruits to God, and to his Glory raise
Trophies and Garlands sweet, of never fading Praise.

XVI.

O ye
Dews and
Frosts, &c.

Gently falling pearly Dew,
Liquid Diamonds of the Morn,
Which various glistering to the View,
Pendant from the Leaf or Thorn,
The Pomp of Nature's Dress declare,
And make the Morning's self more fair.
Drops that Insects feed and Plants,
And when the Meal is done,
No longer useful to their Wants,
Shrink from the warmer Sun,

(15)

So Manna o'er the Desart spread,
Was melted, having *Israel* fed ;
Dews that longer oft have shin'd,
Hard'ned by the *Northern Wind*,
Like bright, but brittle Chrystral seen,
And frosted Silver o'er the Green,
Bless God who deigns his Graces to infuse
Secret, refreshing as the silent Dews.

XVII.

Destroying Angel, General Blast,
Whose Pinch, nor Herb, nor Beast, nor Man can bear,
Who chills our *Vains*, and lays our Countries waste,
Strong Paralytic Numbness of the Year,
Universal Forager.
Leanness whose Teeth like *Pharaoh's* Kine devour,
What plenteous Harvests gave before,
Who, tho' fair Summers and rich Autumns Foil,
Give Man fresh Vigour for returning Toil,
Impregnate, and enrich the wearied Soil,
And mellow and prepare
The Earth for fuller Crops the ensuing Year,
And thus with Usury repay
What your first Keeness snatch'd away ;
Bless him whose all disposing Providence,
Adds bitter Physick to our pleasing Food,
With Good and Evil chequers all Events,
T' exalt his Glory, and his Creature's Good.

O ye
Frost.

XVIII.

Shivering Ague of the Air,
Churlish Colony sent forth
From your inhospitable *North*,
Rugged Companion of the shining Bear,

And
Cold,
Bles, &c.

Cold

Cold, whom like a Beast of Prey
 Oft by Fire we chase away
 Cold, whose fearing Breath bereaves
 Hills of Trees, and Trees of Leaves ;
 Yet which atones for all the Ills you do,
 With Trees and Leaves you sweep Diseases too,
 Blefs him whose gracious Wisdom stores
 The *Northern* Climes with Forests and with Furrs,
 Fuel th' Extreme of Cold to flake,
 Furrs that defensive Armour make,
 Soft Bastions, which your Forces cannot shake.
 Who for each Ill that here on Earth we see,
 Provides a fitly suited Remedy.

XIX.

O ye Ice

Ice, who th' unstable Element can bind,
 Protected from its tyrant Wind,
 In Silver Fetters, tho' at large, confin'd.
 Rampart whereby are sudden staid
 Encroaching Vessels that invade,
 And pafs the antient Bounds which prudent Nature made.
 Nor can unwilling Captives force their Way,
 Hold faster than by fabled *Remora*:
 By Thee the finny Race immur'd,
 Sport safe, from Nets and Hooks secur'd :
 Ice, the branch'd River's secret Charm, by whom
 Weak, yielding, fluid Water can become
 Road for the nimble Sledge, and Chariot's solid Stage,
 And firm as Marble stand the Winter's Rage.
 Nor can the Icy Sea, when moft it swells,
 With stormy Tides, its Bridge of Chrystal shock,
 Blefs him who turns ~~the~~ hard Rock to springing Wells,
 And turns by you soft Waters into Rock.

Col

XX. Light

XX.

Light congeal'd in feather'd Show'rs,
 Presages of the Earth's Increase,
 Who Trees and Palaces and Tow'rs
 Mantle with a silver Fleece,
 Newly fall'n, unsullied, bright,
 Dazzling with a Wast of White.
 Flakes, that thick pow'ring from the gather'd Cloud
 At once both Ornament and Safety yield
 From piercing Cold sharp freezing warmly shrowd
 The tender verdant Offspring of the Field.
 Emblem of Candid Innocence.
 Bless God, his spotless Servant's sure Defence,
 Whose Wings can shrowd us safe from ev'ry Harm,
 At whose Command Fire shall not heat, and Snow it self
 shall warm.

And
Snow, &c.

XXI.

Relick of Chaos, melancholy Night,
 Touch Night, at whose Pencil's Tonch the Colours fade
 Of Nature's Landskip, vanishes the Light,
 It blots the well drawn Forms, and only leaves the Shade.
 Equals the Bramble's Beauty with the Rose,
 Night, the World's dark and temporary Grave,
 Who all in silent quiet Sleep enclose,
 And lay the Monarch level with the Slave,
 Daily Sabbath made to rest,
 Toiling Man and weary Beast
 A Comforter in whom the Afflicted find,
 Oblivion of their Ills, and Indolence of Mind,
 Praise him, from whose clear and all-piercing Sight
 You nothing can conceal, whose radiant Eye,
 Makes Darkness self be manifest as Light ;
 Nay, double Darkness close Hypocrisy.

O ye
Nights.

XXII.

And Days
dieſ, &c.

Day, Universal Beauty, Ray Divine,

Whom none but Guilt and Falſhood fear,
Truth undisguis'd, and spotleſs Virtue ſhine
With Native Luſtre bright, when you appear:

Day, whom gloomy Sorrow flies,

Pouring Eye-fight on our Eyes,

You, who the Face of Things renew,

And each departed Object bring to view.

Mountain, Forrest, Sea, and Plain,

Fled o'er Night, return again:

Nature from Night's dark Prison forth you call,

Type of the Resurrection General,

Who new Life, new Motion give

To all that move, and all that live,

Bless God long-suffering, who to none denies

Your Beams; Father of Lights, who bids you rise

With undiſtinguiſh'd Rays on Friends and Enemies.

XXIII.

O ye
Light.

Light of Creating Pow'r the first Essay,

Gladfom Uſher of the Day,

Who your shining Parent Sun

Still attend, and still out-run,

Pureſt Angels bleſt Abode,

Robe Majestical of God,

Trueſt Teacher of the Wise,

Yet puzzling weak Philosophies,

To whom the ſwifteſt Whirlwind moves but slow,

From *Eastern* Heav'n through Space immense you flow,

And in an Instant ſtrike our Eyes below,

Who darſt almost for Speed with Spirit vie,

For Thought, and only Thought, can quicker flie;

Hater

Hater of Lies, and Stranger to Deceit,
 Who yet in thousand Shapes your self disguise,
 Whose Beams with false unreal Colours cheat,
 The Sight, which taught by them the Cheat despises,
 Whom noblest Painters mimick Pain,
 Strives to imitate in vain,
 Chameleon who assumes the Dies
 Of every Object where he lies,
 Light, who can all Things seen Epitomize,
 That far as East and West at Distance lie
 Within the narrow Pupil of the Eye;
 Bless God, and as your brightest Rays
 Shine in Beauty, shine in Praise,
 Praise never-ceasing be to him convey'd,
 To whom your utmost Lustre is but Shade.

XXIV.

Darkness, First Tyrant sad of Chaos old,
 Whose fable Empire no Beginning knew,
 Nor Limits; whose deep Bosom did enfold
 The blind Confusion, whence this Order grew,
 E'er yet the Spirit's Wings that brooding lay,
 Had hatch'd the new-made Word, e'er shone the joyous Day.

And
Darkness,
etc.

Black Privation, shadowy Name,
 Phantom to scare the Wicked sent,
 The close Retreat of blushing Shame,
 Of guilty Sin the Punishment.

Dreaded unsubstantial Spight,
 Shy, vanishing at Morning Light,
 For ever bless th' Almighty Lord,
 Who mere Defect to high Perfection brings,
 Whose Voice Non-Entity can hear, and at whose fertile
 Word,

Commanded Being leaps from Nought, and Light from Dark-
 ness springs.

XXV. Gods

XXV.

O ye
Light-
nings.

God's Weapon of avenging Flame,
Swift wing'd penetrating Dart,
Temper'd by Chymick Angels Art,
Of Force resistless, and untiring Aim,
Nor Lawrel can the Victor's Head defend,
Nor Stone nor Brazen Fortress Shelter lend,
Walls within Walls no more the Passage bar,
Than unopposing Space of liquid Air,
Through the Welkin see they glide,
Quick to punish Human Pride,
By whom, when God in Anger wills to rise,
He makes his Foes a whole Burnt Sacrifice,
By whom did *Sodom*'s Lust in Flames expire,
And felt the Vengeance of ætherial Fire,
Ye rolling Thunders, Voice Divine,
Dreadful while the Lightnings shine,
Thunders, Heaven's Military Musick make
The Mountains tremble, and the Forests shake,
Just Terror of their Hearts who God provoke,
Who dare his Justice, should expect his Stroke.
Nimble Lightnings, Thunders loud,
Praise the Everlasting God,
From whom descending at the Judgment-Day,
Both Earth and Heav'n it self shall flee away.

XXVI.

And
Clouds,
bles, &c.

Clouds soft Folds of furled Air,
Beauteous Tapestry of the Skies,
Ever fleeting Landskips fair,
With infinite Vanities, Varieties
Ye penfile Lakes who cause our Earth's Increase,
And Arm our Rivers with destructive Rage,
Clouds, numerous moving Mountains, flying Seas,
God's Magazines, when purpos'd War to wage,
Whether

Whether to cause the Flouman's Hopes to fail,

He pours unkindly Rains incessant down;

Or else from frozen Stores of moulded Hail,

Defeats the Herbage with a Show'rs of Stone,

Praise him who when of old the Heav'n's he bow'd,

Chose for his pompous Car an awful Cloud;

Who when delighting to appear,
Object more of Love than Fear,

Assum'd a gentler Cloud, and milder Ray,

To lead his *Israel* through the Desert Way,

Or o'er the Mercy-Seat his Glory bright display.

XXVII.

Mother of all Things, teeming Earth,

From whose prolific general Womb

All living Creatures owe their Birth,

Cradle of Worms and Monarchs, and their Tomb,

Happy Seat at first of Peace,

Love, and Innocence, and Joys

Untill'd, producing blest Increase,

Flow'rs and Fruits of Paradise.

'Till curst for Sin, on harder Terms you grant

Supplies for guilty Man's redoubled Want,

And yield for clearing Wine, and strength'ning Corn,

The prickly Thistle, and the fruitless Thorn,

Great Theatre of Change, whereon we play

Perhaps a gay, but short and anxious Part,

Where Sins, Vexations, Losses, Pains, allay

Our greatest Joys with sure attending Smart.

Garden of Pleasures, yet of Toils the Seat,

Who giv'st us Food and Raiment, but with Sweat,

Bless God, and thankfully receive

What still offended Goodness deigns to give,

Vouchsafing Yearly to renew

Your Face with Foliage, Fruits and Flow'rs,

Who cools you with refreshing Dew,

And waters you with fertile Show'rs.

F

Who

O
Morn
.morn

O let the
Earth, &c.

Who when awaken'd from your Dust we rise,
 Provides a better Earth, and safer Paradise,
 Where neither Sin nor Serpent shall molest,
 Nor Toil nor Trouble break our Endless Rest.

XXVIII.

O ye
Moun-
tains.

Huge Mountains, who with proud Disdain,
 Lord it o'er the lowly Plain,
 Whose Giant Heads affront the Skies,
 And Clouds beneath them can despise,
 Earth's Pillars who triumphant Arches form,

Unshaken Objects of perpetual Storm,
 Beauteous, tho' vast, noble Deformities,
 Old stately Monuments of Nature's Birth,
 Whether you overlook the Sea,
 And point to doubtful Mariners their Way,

Or else with various Gifts enrich the Earth,
 Ripen the Minerals, and Gems, and Ore,
 And wealthy Rivers unexhausted pour,
 Fixt Land-Marks, friendly Umpires of Debates,

Ramparts of Wars, and Boundaries of States.

Bless him who makes your Pride to fail,
 Whose Presence when provok'd you fly,
 Lighter than Dust within his Scale,
 And less than nothing in his Eye.

XXIX.

And Hills,
&c.

Small Hills, whose gently rising Height,
 Prospects sweet, and pleasant Shades
 Make us the Pomp of Courts, and Crowd of Cities slight,
 Thrones of Delight which Treason ne'er invades,
 Where artless, genuin Beauties grow,
 Where pure and native Pleasures flow
 From Avarice base, and worse Ambition freed,
 Where Flocks and Herds are shelter'd and are fed.
 And find a Table rich, and fragrant Bed,

Praise

Praise him who makes ev'n Kings who Scepters wield,
 Dependant on the flighted Field,
 With Cares and Dangers has beset,
 The lofty Stations of the Great,
 While calm and safe the middle Seats appear,
 Too high to envy, and too low to fear.

XXX.

Tall stately Cedars shedding rich Perfumes,
 Wherewith our native *Lebanon* is grac'd,
 Who self-embalm'd in your own fragrant Gumms,
 Defie Corruption, and for ever last.
 With all that grow in Forest or in Field,
 All that delicious Fruits, or Aromaticks yield,
 All that each different Climate bears,
 Who richest Liquors bleed, or weep in balmy Tears.
 All that from Mother Earth's fair Bosom rise,
 Whate'er was known of old to *Solomon* the wise;
 Or Flow'rs our dainty Sense to please,
 Or Herbs to yield our Hunger Food,
 Simples to remedy Disease,
 To temper or exalt our Blood,
 Each Shrub, and Grafs, and creeping Moss,
 All that ev'ry Season shows,
 Bless Him whose Hand your Colours paints,
 Who gave your Virtues and your Scents,
 Whose simple Lustre has out-shone
 Great *David*'s pompous Heir, bright on his Ivory Throne.

O all ye
Green
Things.

XXXI.

Fountains, transparent Mirrors, where
 The Sun delighted to appear,
 Stamps on fluid trembling Glass,
 His glorious, tho' reflected Face.

O ye
Wells, &c.

Chast

Chaste Mothers of the murmuring Rills,
 Common, yet precious Vessels, which o'er-flow
 With Silver potable, which Nature fills,
 And kindly bounteous does on all bestow,
 Praise him who feeds your Springs, or Want supplies,
 The never-failing Source whence Living Waters rise.

XXXII.

O ye Seas,

Vast Ocean, moving World, unsure Abode
 Of Fleets, a beaten, yet a trackless Road,
 Monster whose hideous Aspect foam and roar,
 Threaten the affrighted Shore,
 Who like a Lion couchant in the Way,
 Sometimes with seeming Sleep deceive your Prey,
 Then sudden rous'd infatiateley devour,
 Who once the whole devoted Earth o'er-spread,
 Now chain'd for ever to your Bed,
 Where at Full Moon and Change in vain you swell and rave,
 In vain tempestuous Winds exalt the troubled Wave.

Yet made a Beast of Burden you convey
 Treasures of various Climes along the liquid Way,
 From Pole to Pole where busy Merchants range,
 And make your ample Face the World's Exchange.
 The strong like Sampson's Riddle yields the Sweet,
 The great Devourer shall afford us Meat,
 Praise him who shews his Wonders in the Deep,
 Whose Nod or swells to Rage, or bids the Ocean sleep,
 Fast bound by his Almighty Hand,
 In Adamantine Chains of despicable Sand.

XXXIII.

And
Floods,
&c.

Earth's Veins whose circulating Blood,
 Feeds our Seas, and feeds our Lands,
 The Life of Trade, whose doubly Silver Flood,
 Far distant Cities joyns, in lasting fluid Bands;

Long

Long Water-Serpents, who your selves out-run,
Yet with an equal Pace your selves pursue,
Your Mansions always keep, and always shun,
Ever the same, yet ever new.

Useful Wand'rers that err,
Your Blessings wider to confer,
Tho' sometimes swelling with an angry Wave,
You from th' Unthankful sweep away
The Goods your former Bounty gave,
And roll them to your native Sea.

Bless the wise Hand that guides your various Course,
Whence Rivers of Delights derive their unexhausted Source.

XXXIV.

Ye Whales who 'midst the wide-extended Main,
When floating, huge, as moving Islands show,
Where lawless Tyrants uncontroll'd you reign,
And fat with Blood and Flesh of your Inferiors grow,
Sport at large, and take your Ease.
In spacious Azure Palaces,
Whose boding Visits from afar,
Your conscious Brother Tyrants fear,
No less than Earthquakes, or a bearded Star,
And by your Ruin, dread their own is near.
Ye lesser Sea-born Nations, nameless Fry,
Who by uncounted Millions multiply,
Ye curious Works of sporting Nature's Hand,
Who imitate each Species of the Land,
Mute Fishes, Strangers to all Sound,
Bless him by whom the speechless Infants cry,
Can put to Silence and confound,
Loud frontless Infidelity,
Whose Providence preserves and Eye surveys
Your Kinds, and makes your Silence speak his Praise.

O ye
Whales,
and all
that move
in the
Waters,
&c.

XXXV.

XXXV.

O all ye
Fowls of
the Air,
&c.

Inhabitants of Woods and Air,
Whose various Plumes delight the Eye,
With rich embroider'd Colours fair,
Whose agile Wings ascend the Sky,
Nice Architects, whose Buildings far transcend
The Rules of Human Art and Industry;
Of different Structures all, yet all defend,
From Cold and Foes each callow Family,
Wise Prophets of the future Year,
Who fly from Mischiefs ye foresee,
Whose tuneful Voices charm the Ear
With artless, melting Harmony,
Nature composing ev'ry Song,
Eccho'd through the Dales and Groves,
Wherein the warbling, feather'd Throng
Sing their Passions and their Loves.
Chant ye grateful Hymns of Praise,
All ye painted, airy Choirs,
To him who with melodious Lays
The Native Poets of the Groves inspires.

XXXVI.

O all ye
Beasts
and Cat-
tle, &c.

Brutes, groveling Spirits, Souls that die,
To Man, and your own Senses Slaves,
Who oft your Lord with Speed superior fly,
Whose Strength and Courage oft his Anger braves,
His Arts eluded, Force repell'd by you,
His forfeited Dominion shew.
Machines of Flesh and Blood by Art divine,
Built beyond Description fine,
By secret, native Instinct taught,
Of Nature to pursue the Ends,
Your blind Impulses oft exceed our Thought,
Beasts wild and tame, Man's Enemies and Friends.

Lay

Lay all your wonted Ennemis asleep
 From Pards and Tygers, down to Dogs and Sheep,
 Unanimous your Author bless,
 In all your different Languages,
 Whose Providence preserves each various Beast
 All that in Deserts range, or Pastures rest,
 That company in Herds, or single stray,
 Who feeds the Lions roaring for their Prey.

XXXVII.

Man, Sum of Beings, little World, where we
 All Nature in a Point contracted see,
 Where num'rous Contradictions joyn in wond'rous Harmony.
 Body sustain'd by fleeting Breath,
 Mind that beyond the World can fly,
 Yet chain'd to Dust must groveling lie,
 Immortal, liable to Death,
 Who all Things seek to know with curious Eye,
 Yet to your self, your self a Mystery,
 When of your strange Alliance you dispute
 Of Thought with Matter, and with Angel, Brute,
 Great Monarch of all Creatures here below,
 Whate'er th' Almighty Power did form,
 Yet crush'd before the meanest, vilest Foe,
 Nearly allied to God, and Kindred to the Worm.

O ye
Children
of Men,
&c.

Bless the God who makes you live,
 And living over all Things reign,
 And after Death again revive,
 A nobler Kingdom to obtain,
 Altars to him and Temples rear,
 Whose Image you were fram'd to bear,
 Collective Praises to your Sovereign pay,
 Who reigns alone with underiv'd and everlasting Sway.

XXXVIII.

(28)
Quicq; has ego; or [XXXVIII]. Then abys; moni
Field rodu; ror; auominanU

O let If-
rael, &c.

Bless God, O *Israel*, his peculiar Care,
For whom fix'd Nature's Rules inverted are,
Divinely taught, divinely fed
With heavenly Laws, and Angel's Bread,
And cloath'd by Miracles and led.
Egypt, that Theatre of Judgment, sees,
How vain t' oppose, whom God to save decrees.
O'er burning Sands the chosen Fav'rites go,
Lo, from the stricken Rock refreshing Waters flow!
The Travellers point out the River's Course,
The River guides not here the Travellers!
Jehovah's self, thron'd in a Cloud by Day,
And Chariotting by Night,
In a flaming Pillar's Light,
Marks out your Stations, and directs your Way.
Th' Almighty Chief in Person leads you on,
Arms the Creation for the War,
The Earth, the Insects, and the Air,
Divides th' opposing Sea, and stops the Noon-day Sun.
For whom so many Wonders wrought we see
They lose almost their Name by Frequency:
Tune all your sacred Instruments
To God your Glory, your Defence,
In *Sion*'s holy Anthems grateful sing
Glad Praises to your Guide, your Judge, your Father, and
your King.

XXXIX.

O ye
Priests of
the Lord,
&c.

Bless God, ye Priests, who at his Altar wait,
Chose from the Chosen People of his Love,
Who here your future Bliss anticipate,
And do on Earth what Angels do above.
The hallow'd Unction is alone to you,
With Heav'n's Vicegerents and his Prophets due.

Your

Your sacred Privilege and Function high,
 Not sacrilegious Monarchs must prophane,
 Or sudden struck, the bold Invaders die:
 Blest Typick Mediators, who alone
 God's Wrath avert, for *Israel's* Crimes atone,
 By Death of Beasts in feeble Emblem shew
 Sorer Death to Sinners due:
 Ambassadors of Peace to God aspire,
 Join Hallelujah's with th' Angelick Choir,
 Your Breasts, as Altars, touch'd with sacred Heav'nly Fire:
 Before his Foot-stool prostrate low,
 Your selves as living Victims show,
 Free from Spot of worldly Cares,
 Let your Praise, and let your Prayers
 As Morning and as Ev'ning Incense rise,
 Perpetual and accepted Sacrifice!

XL.

You that to his Courts belong,
 Sons of *Levi*, joyn the Song,
 Who make his Temple your Abode,
 Happy Servants of your God,
 Who bear his Ark with awful Dread,
 And round his Altar daily tread,
 And nightly banish dewy Sleep,
 Watches in his House to keep.
 Born his Ministers approv'd,
 Objects of his paternal Care,
 Beyond your Brethren, Tribes belov'd,
 Angels your Fellow-Servants are!
 Safe arm'd with Innocence, you may despise
 The threat'ning Demagogue, and Tyrant's Frown,
 The King that serves him not is Slave to Vice,
 The Slave that serves him titled to a Crown!
 Praise your Great Master, who will sure repay
 Their Virtues who his Laws obey.

O ve Ser-
vants of
the Lord,
&c.

(30)

Make them his Children and his Friends to be,
Whose Service is alone true genuine Liberty !

XLI.

O ye Spi-
rits and
Souls of
the Righ-
teous, &c.

Bless God, you Spirits of the Just,
Freed at length from Chains of Dust,
Who long were toss'd on Life's tempestuous Sea,
Now landed safe in bless'd Eternity !
You righteous Souls, for ever past the State
Of causeleſs, ſenſeleſs, and ambitious Wars,
The wilful Violence of the lawleſs Great,
Of Brethrens Treacheries, and domeſticky Jarrs,
You who durſt Justice here on Earth purſue,
With ſteady Hand and strong, unbyaſſ'd Hold,
Not trembling out of Fear, the Balance true,
Not caſt by Favour, nor weigh'd down by Gold,
Who taught by Faith while here below,
But now by glad Experience know,
Who dares vile Force and crooked Fraud diſpife,
Alone is great and brave, and good and wiſe,
Praife ye the Judge whose righteous Doom will pay
Due Recompence to all Mens Deeds at the great Final Day.

XLII.

O ye
Holy.

Bless God, ye Saints, ye wiſe and happy few,
He his own Image ſees and loves in you,
Who keep untouch'd from the prophaneſt Crowd,
Of Sinners, fashionable, jovial, loud,
Scoffers, who oft with magiſterial Air,
Dictate their Follies from the Scorners Chair,
Where pleas'd and proud the Ideots fit,
And make their Guilt the Standard of their Wit.
Not Laughter, not applauſed Jeſts,
Can cure the Bodings in their Breasts.

Frantick

(31)

Fran tick the Joys, and mad the Mirth appears,
Which ends in fruitless and eternal Tears!
You who from Vice, as from Infection fly,
And care not to be damn'd for Company,
Who never the Dishonour fear,
To seem for Virtue singular,
Numbers and Shouts to Sin nor Strength nor Safety give
'Tis better, tho' with few, to live,
Than die with many; in th' embattled Field
Who falls, is dead as he that's singly kill'd.
To God your holy Voices raise,
Boundless Matter for your Praise!
Praises to you peculiarly belong,
His gracious Power has set you free,
From Guilt, the basest, heaviest Slavery,
He who your Triumph gives, claims your triumphal Song.

XLIII.

You humble Men who know all Praise is due
To God supreme, and none to you,
Sole Author of your Good, and Witness too.
Who shun the vain Applause of Man to hear,
And turn within your Breast your Eye severe,
Judging your selves; who greater Pains bestow
In being good than seeming so.
Pride threw aspiring Angels from the Skies,
Humility their vacant Thrones supplies,
And you neglected here, low stooping, thither rise!
Ye living Temples, and most grateful Offering,
That can the heav'nly Altar grace
Of your exalted King;
Praise him who dwells in high and holy Place,
Yet to the lowly most himself imparts;
Brings to Contempt the Sons of Pride,
But in contrite, humble Hearts,
Above all Temples, chuses to reside.

And hum
ble Men
of Heart,
&c.

XLIV. Let

O Ananias,
Aqarrias,
and
Misael,
&c.

Let us, whom *Babel's* angry King in vain
Condemn'd but late to seven-fold heated Fire,
Bles^s Him whose Power can fiercest Flames restrain,
Who guards the Boldness his Commands inspire:
Vainly Earth and Hell are bent
Idols to his Throne to raise,
His Foes against their own Intent
Afford new Matter for his Praise.
Praise God, th' opprest all-pow'rful to defend,
God, of the Friendless never-failing Friend!
Who, those he loves, doth love unto the End.
If *Demon* Gods must fated be
With Offerings of Cruelty.
Let Sons of curst Idolaters expire,
When past to Murd'rer *Moloch* through the Fire,
Nor Idols selves t' oppose the Flames have Pow'r,
Consum'd their Wood, and melted is their Ore.
While Flames to us approach not nigh,
But distant and discerning yield us Room,
And Servants of the God most High
Crown with a Bloodless Martyrdom.
Praise we for ever thy all-glorious Name,
O Son of God, descending from the Skies
In Form of Man to quell the raging Flame,
Whose Presence makes of Hell a Paradise.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

PAGE 5. Line 7. for read *Rod.* p. 13. l. 5. for *gendial* r. *genial*. l. 18.
for *subfists* r. *subfifts*. l. 26. for *Author* r. *Author*. p. 14. l. 26. for *Morning*
r. *Mornings*. p. 15. l. 11. for *Vains* r. *Veins*. p. 16. l. 21. for *Hold* r. *Held*. l. 24. after
Ice. r. *hou*. l. 30. dele the. p. 17. l. 17. for *Tonch* r. *Touch*. l. 26. for *find*. r. *find*.
p. 19. l. 26. for *Spright* r. *Spright*. p. 20. l. 28. for *Vanities* r. *Varieties*. p. 23. l. 27.
for *trasparent* r. *transparent*.



